

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close
 floole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-
 thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away
 for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foo-
 lish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dashit.
 He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie
 good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a
 little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming,
 will speake their munde in some other fort. *Exit Cu.*
Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
 Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannu*,
 And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
 Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannu*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologic.
 Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Judas I am.
Dum. A Judas?
Ped. Not I scariot fir.
Judas I am, yeliped *Machabens*.
Dum. *Judas Machabens* clipt, is plaine Judas.
Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Judas*?
Ped. Judas I am.
Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.
Ped. What meane you fir?
Boi. To make *Judas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin fir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boi. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
Boi. The pummell of *Cassius* Paulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. *S. Georges* halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
 And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:
 And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*: giue it him. *Jude* as a
 way.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes darke, he
 may fumble.
Que. Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath hee beene
 baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in
 Armes.
Dum. Though my meekes come home by me, I will
 now be merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this

Boi. But is this *Hector*? *How*: *How*: *How*:
Kim. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.
Lon. His legges is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boi. No, he is best indued in the small.
Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Brag. The *Armpotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,
 gaue *Hector* a gift.
Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The *Armpotent Mars* of *Launces* the almighty,
 gaue *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Illion*:
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morn till night, out of his Pavilion.
 I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longanill* reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-
 gainst *Hector*.
Dum. I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.
Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
 Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:
 But I will forward with my deuce;
 Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Byeowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.
Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This *Hector* furre surmounted *Hanniball*.
The partie is gone.
Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths
 on her way.
Brag. What meaneest thou?
Clo. Faith vlesse you play the honest Trojan, the
 poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags
 in her belly already: tis yours.
Brag. Dost thou infamozie me among Potentates?
 Thou shalt die.
Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that
 is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by
 him.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.
Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:
Pompey the huge.
Dum. *Hector* trembles.
Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more *Arces* more *Arces* stirre
 them, or stirre them on.
Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then
 will sup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man:
 He slash, he do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
 row my Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.
Clo. He do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.
Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
 Do you not see *Pompey* is vncausing for the combat: what
 meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
 not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the
 challenge.
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reason haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,
 I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want
 of *Linnen*: since when, He be sworne he wore none, but
 a dishclout of *Iaquenetta*, and that hee weares next his
 heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest
 our meriment.
Mar. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is
 heauie in my tongue. The King your father
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I
 haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of
 discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exit Worthies

Kim. How fare's your Maiestie?
Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.
Kim. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.
Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
 For all your faire endeouours and entreats:
 Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
 In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
 The liberall opposition of our spirits,
 Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,
 In the conuerse of breath (your gentleness
 Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
 A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
 Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,
 For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.
Kim. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
 All causes to the purpose of his speed:
 And often at his verie loose decides
 That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
 And though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smiling cortisie of Loue:
 The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
 Yet since loues argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it
 From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholsome profitable,
 As to reioyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.
Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe
 And by these badges vnderstand the King,
 For your faire fakes haue we neglected time,
 Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
 Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors
 Euen to the opposed end of our intents.
 And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
 As Loue is full of vnbesitting faines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
 Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
 Full of faying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
 To euerie varied object in his glance:
 Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
 Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eies,
 Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
 Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
 Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
 Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,
 By being once false, for euer to be true
 To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
 And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
 Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We haue recei'd your Letters, full of Loue:
 Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
 And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
 At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
 As bumbast and as lining to the time:
 But more deuout then these are our respects
 Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
 In their owne fashion, like a meriment.
Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.
Lon. So did our looks.
Rosa. We did not coat them so.
Kim. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
 Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
 No, no my Lord, your Grace is periu'd much,
 Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
 Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
 To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
 There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
 Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life,
 Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
 But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
 Then at the expiration of the yeare,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine: and till that instant shur
 My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
 Raining the teares of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
 If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
 Neither intuled in the others hart.

Kim. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
 To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
 The sodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie.
 Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.
Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Rosa. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
 You are atraint with faults and periurie:
 Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
 A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
 But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.
Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
 With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.
Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,